

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA
COÖPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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THE FIELD AFAR

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

MAY.—This is the season for
planting. The sower 'goes
out to sow' and he covers his land
with seed, leaving it for a bounti-
ful God to supply air, sunshine,
and water; and the pity of it is
that where there is so much land,
we have not more sowers.

This, too, is a good time of the
year to impress young hearts with
the missionary spirit. Many a
boy is just now asking himself:
"What of the future? Where
shall I be next year?" And per-
haps he is waiting for the story of
a missionary or for a glimpse of
THE FIELD AFAR to start sprout-
ing in his valiant young soul the
seed of an apostolic career.

Have you ever been God's in-
strument in leading a boy into the
priesthood or a girl into the re-
ligious life? One does not have
to be a saint in order to serve as
an instrument for God's holy pur-
poses. And if you provide a
toiler for the Vineyard of Christ,
even if you are in your own judg-
ment unworthy—and who is not?
—can you not see that you will in
all likelihood bring back to your-
self some special blessing from so
signal a service?

There are ardent souls in the
ranks of the clergy, the sister-
hoods, and the laity of our coun-
try, and none know this better
than those of us, still few in num-
ber, who are appealing frequently,
in one way or another, for the
wider needs of the Church.

The *Fortnightly Review*, which

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says things that are *pat* and *pats*
not overgenerally, cited recently
some striking examples of priestly
co-operation with the missionary
movement and added:

'Where there is a will, there is a
way.' How much could be done by
ever so many parishes which are out
of debt, and how great would be the
blessings of God upon such parishes!
A pastor who has once fostered the
missionary spirit, need never worry
about the support needed for his own
parish.

Like every other virtue, the mis-
sionary spirit must be acquired by fre-
quent individual acts. Those who
have acquired it, as a rule, feel a
great consolation in helping others for
God's sake.

"He said therefore to them again:
Peace be to you. As the Father hath
sent Me, I also send you."—St. John
xv. 21.

FROM an Illinois priest we re-
ceived twenty dollars the
other day for one hundred copies
of THE FIELD AFAR for six
months. "Send them to me," he
writes. "I hope by means of them
to introduce your work to my
parishioners."

How this priest discovered our
paper we don't know, but the un-
expected is always happening in
God's work.

GOD certainly 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' With missionaries decimated by war conscription and missions impoverished by conditions in Europe, we are gradually getting reports of unusual progress in the conversion of heathen peoples.

The work of the Church is not a business proposition and results are not always commensurate with the most approved methods. God expects His workers to toil as best they can with the tools which they possess. He will see to the outcome.

* *

WE sympathize with every reader, here and on the mission field, who has been affected by the rise in price of one or another of the commodities of life. We, too, have been struck, from two or three score of high-price vantage-grounds, but one of our hardest blows came from the man who supplies paper to THE FIELD AFAR. That unspeakable villain actually chased the Editor over New York City one day, to inform him that hereafter the paper used would cost about \$70 more a month.

Shades of the peaceful past! \$70 a month! \$840 a year! "Is THE FIELD AFAR worth it?" we asked ourselves, and we did not dare to answer. "Shall we raise the subscription price?" we questioned, and the angel whispered, "Keep it as it is, but try to make your ordinary subscribers become *Associates*." And that is what we shall do.

* *

THE late Cardinal Gotti will always be identified with the start of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America. To him the organizers were sent by the hierarchy of the United States, and His Eminence not only received them most kindly but made special efforts to push the application so that within three weeks after their arrival in Rome, permission to begin was granted.

We well recall that memorable day, June 29th, 1911, Feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, which Cardinal Gotti had set aside for the two Americans because 'it would be a holiday and he would be freer.' We can picture to ourselves the little elevator that lumbered up to his simple apartments, carrying only one passenger at a time, and we remember his gracious and friendly manner, his saintly, ascetic face, and his paternal words.

Since then we at Maryknoll have on several occasions heard directly from Cardinal Gotti. His last signature arrived after his death, the announcement of which meant to us the loss of a friend. May sweet Jesus have mercy on the soul of this truly eminent servant of Christ!

* *

THE purchase of a permanent site for the Vénard Apostolic School, at Clark's Green, Pa., marks an important step forward in the progress of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America. We are moving westward and have planted our second standard on the hills of Pennsylvania. Next September a pioneer group of American youths—at least a score and not improbably two score—will be housed at the Vénard, which will begin to radiate a new influence throughout the country.

The Catholic people of the Scranton Diocese are pleased—and we believe we may add, proud—to have this institution within their borders. Already they have shown signs of an affectionate welcome and of solicitous interest. We do not, of course, expect the Diocese of Scranton to support our new school, but we are convinced that Pennsylvania Catholics, among whom those of Scranton hold a high rank, will not fail to express their satisfaction at the installation of our first preparatory school in that historic State.

JUNE PREMIUMS

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They are twenty-five cents each.

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<i>Théophane Vénard</i> (in French).....	.60
<i>Pierre Chanel</i> (in French).....	.60
<i>Thoughts from Modern Martyrs</i>35

A substantial reduction will be given on orders of twenty or more books or pins. Address:

The Field Afar, Ossining, N. Y.

IF you have one of our calendars, you may notice our call for *Apostles' Aid*. This is a purely spiritual suggestion and although we are made up of soul and body, it is a good thing occasionally to concentrate attention on the soul.

When some ardent (?) Catholic rather indignantly refuses to take an interest in the *foreign* mission movement, we answer softly—and send an *Apostles' Aid* slip requesting the promise of even a modicum of prayer for the spread of the Church in heathen lands. So far we have never received a promise from such a soul.

We have received promises, however, by the score and by the hundred, from truly Catholic men, women, and children, whose world-wide hearts and worthwhile prayers have done more for us than the dollars and cents which they longed to give but could not. Masses and Mass attendance, Communion, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Rosaries, Stations of the Cross, daily labors, and daily trials—these have been offered unstintingly for our work, and they are always welcome.

The Note Page.



NOT long ago an eighty-seven-year-old Chinaman was baptized at St. Francis' Home in Worcester, Mass. His name was *Samo Laou*, to which he has now prefixed *Joseph Paul*.

A friend in Harrisburg, Mr. C. H. Higgins, sending for several copies of *An American Missionary*, tells us that it was his privilege to kneel at the death-bed of Fr. Judge, the subject of our book.

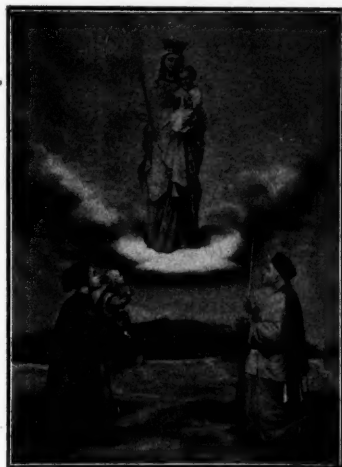
In a recent letter to THE FIELD AFAR Mary E. Mannix writes:

Last summer I attended the consecration ceremonies of Bishop Glass in Los Angeles and met two sweet little Japanese Sisters, newly arrived, whose pathetic, innocent faces I cannot forget. There are four of these Sisters. They know as yet very little English, but they are doing good work among their own race in California. The white people also have been very kind to the mission.

A Vincentian priest at Germantown, Pa., has discovered in one of our China correspondents, Fr. Lebbe, of Tientsin, a probable former classmate, of whom he writes in the following paragraph:

I suppose Fr. Lebbe is a young Belgian who was in the house with me at Rome and left it to go on the Chinese mission. Another missionary, Fr. de Vienne, whom I knew as a student in Paris, has been raised to the episcopal dignity as coadjutor to Msgr. Coqset.

St. Louis is expressing interest in the missions by extending the admirable work of the St. Peter Claver Sodality, which is devoted exclusively to the needs of Africa. Fr. J. P. Donovan, C.M., the first director of the Sodality in this country, closed his initial year with a record of \$3,550, which we are sure will be doubled in another year. Fr. Donovan issues a little publication—*The Negro Child*—for school-children, who buy it at two cents a copy.



OUR LADY OF ZO-SÈ, PRAY FOR US.
(From a photo sent by Sr. O'Sullivan.)

A correspondent sends a clipping from some daily paper, printed, we presume, in Springfield, Mass.:

Dean Bell, of Fond du Lac, has discovered by study of missionary statistics that it costs \$1,316 to make one Latin-American into an Episcopalian and \$28 a year for each of the 8,828 communicants of the Episcopal Church in all Latin-America, compared with \$1.40 spent for each communicant and \$43 for each communicant gained in Fond du Lac. Dean Bell seems to look at foreign missions from a wholly businesslike point of view.

"And unto all the nations the Gospel must first be preached."—St. Mark xiii. 10.

Through the Pittsburgh Missionary Aid Society, Maryknoll has received in the past four years the generous remittance of \$4,187.50.

This excellent diocesan work has gathered and distributed since its start, seven years ago, \$118,265.32. Of that sum it has given to the Catholic Church Extension Society \$62,164.95, to the Propagation of the Faith Society \$12,203.75, to the Holy Childhood Association \$8,873.28, to Indian Missions \$8,398.00, and to Colored Missions \$3,503.00.

We don't know the more remote source of the anecdote that follows. It came to us from a Carmelite nun in St. Louis, who writes:

Perhaps you will like this account of the *Little Flower*. A French general recently told the superioress of some religious who were caring for wounded soldiers, not to allow any of her nuns to go on the battle-fields, as their services were too greatly needed to permit such a risk. The superioress gave the order and was surprised when, on the following day, the general complained that the Sisters had again been guilty of imprudence. She reproved them, but all declared they had obeyed. The general, on the other hand, insisted that he himself had seen them. Then, angrily pointing to the battle-field, he said, "See, there is one now." The superioress recognized the *Little Flower*.

¶ WE ARE PROPERLY AMBITIOUS TO HAVE 50,000 SUBSCRIBERS BEFORE 1916 IS OVER.

¶ THESE MUST COME LARGELY THROUGH APPRECIATIVE READERS.

¶ WE NEED ON OUR LIST—

¶ YOUR FRIEND!

The *African Missionary*, of Cork, Ireland, answers neatly the old-as-the-Church objection to foreign missions—"We have heathen at home."

We must distinguish between formal and material heathen. People at home have had chances over and over again. Everything is in their own hands. Graces are superabundant, and they have only themselves to blame if they neglect to profit by the opportunity. When a man squanders a sum of money, whose fault is it if he becomes poor? But the case is different with a man brought up in squalid surroundings, one who has always had a hand-to-mouth existence; and this is precisely how many pagans are spiritually. *They have never had a chance!*

Therefore, why not give it to them? Splendid cathedrals and chapels are in profusion over our land, with wide-open doors for the heathen at home; but a few wretched, zinc-roofed shacks, attended by little bands of missionaries, are the only helps of Christianity available to the millions of benighted creatures in vast continents. Humanity always takes the part of the weaker side. Pagans represent the weaker side, intellectually and spiritually.

30,000 Miles of Doggrel.

By Fr. Thomas Gavan Duffy.

ARRIVAL.

Weary the waste of ocean,
Weary of traveling I,
Weary of endless motion,
Weary in brain and eye.

Prone on the deck supinely
I follow my fancy's flight;
Aloof, and dozing divinely,
I watch the memories fight—

Memories tender and tearful,
Because my brownies are not;
Memories comic and fearful,
Of my peripatetic lot.

I hear my brain-cells rattle
Under stress of the storm,
As I let the medley settle
Slowly into form.

Then I awake and ponder
How I shall tell the tale
Of the missions calling yonder....
Is that their voice or the gale?

Calling for help...for sordid
Money, the food of work;
For that other gold, *life*, hoarded
By those worse than misers who
shirk.

And oh! 'tis an easy order
To whisper and speak and shout,
But hard to make heard, and harder
To call the answer out.

* * * * *

Hawaii basks forever
With the sun at its beck and call....
And so the Pacific is over,
And the world is round after all.

The Golden Gates lie before us,
And the Californian coast;
And human friends to restore us
To another régime than toast.

So I lay me down on the door-step,
While they pour balm on my soul;
Then the rail again....One more step,
And *ecce* Maryknoll!

* * * * *

The miles? Well, fifteen thousand
Have brought me; there remain
Another fifteen thousand
To get me home again.

(Maryknoll.)

If you have in the bank some
money which you intend to leave to
us, why not let us have it now and
give you ample interest during your
lifetime?

The Publisher.

A HELPFUL booklet entitled
How to Converse with God
has come to us from the Marian
Press, Corpus Christi, Texas. It
sells for five cents, with a reduction
on quantity orders, and the
proceeds are to be devoted to the
school fund of the Diocese of
Corpus Christi.

Fr. Durward's book—*Holy
Land and Holy Writ*—combines
a thorough knowledge of Scripture
with the observations of a
keen traveler. At Maryknoll we
have heard it read with interest
and we are sure that other communities
will be glad to possess it. It is a volume
of 800 pages, with 200 illustrations.

Two reprints have reached us
from the *Jaffna Catholic Guardian*.
They are called respectively
"Protestant Mist" and "A Controversy
on Transmigration." On seeing them,
our Professors of Apologetics and Comparative
Religions woke up with a start. What
they are teaching is, after all, something
lifelike and real enough on the missions
to be taken up in the papers! And, from
all appearances, the *Jaffna Catholic*

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE
MEMBERSHIP

in the Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America may be secured
gradually in as many payments as
desired, provided the sum of fifty
dollars is reached within two years
from the date of the first payment.

Guardian may be trusted with the
lance, even against opponents more
formidable and more elusive than
windmills. Both booklets are careful
and convincing.

If you are inclined to think
that we are progressing 'wonderfully'
just because we have closed a
purchase contract for the site of
the Vénard School, let us remind
you again of what little Holland
is doing.

With almost a score of foreign
mission schools and seminaries
in operation, that small country
encouraged, only four years ago,
the opening at Tilburg of St. Joseph's
Studiehuis, a preparatory school
for the Mill Hill Seminary. Since
then a large brick building has been
erected (if not paid for) and already
seventy-four students are in preparation
for the apostolate.



SOLDIER-PRIESTS IN FRANCE.

(This group includes three foreign missionaries.)

[Photo sent by Fr. Lamathe.]



To Our Missioners.



OUR thanks to more than two hundred missioners who have offered or will offer a Mass for Maryknoll and its benefactors in the course of this current year.

We hope that THE FIELD AFAR arrives regularly. If it does not, don't hesitate to notify us. We shall not take your name from our list nor shall we refuse to add to it the name of any fellow-missioner, even if we do not succeed in getting some one besides ourselves to stand the expense.

We wish we could do more, but with a growing family on our hands and a couple of good-sized cabins to build for the children, we can hardly go beyond the occasional distribution of some Mass intentions, which we know are especially welcome when they arrive from America.

Our sympathy goes out to you in this dark period of trial which the European cataclysm, cutting off the sources of supply, has forced upon you, and we pray that the mission aid societies of the United States will, with the co-operation of our generous priesthood and laity, compensate for your losses in no small measure. And if through our pages you can succeed in winning friends for your mission, no one will be better pleased than we.

This leads us to make a few suggestions:

When you send a package of photographs or a souvenir of any kind, please write your name and address on the outside of the parcel. And on the inside, let us know the expense you have incurred.

If you can see a joke (and we don't understand how you can lead your present life without noting many), let us have occasionally some of your humorous experiences. We advise you not to make use of the direct appeal. American Catholics like facts sea-

soned with a little fun, so as to be convinced that they are not being tickled by an angel's feather. If you can make a passable sketch, or if your friend can do so, send it along. You won't be losing your time—if the sketch is recognizable.

And by the way, our *Red Indian*, who after some years on the field has had an opportunity to air his ruddy beard and his views in this much-abused land, has been talking to those few of us who have acquired the habit of not passing over a paragraph on missions. He says that letters written to the United States from the mission field, being expectant of 'get-rich-quick' results, fail, as a rule, to give real pictures of mission life.

We shall be interested to have comments on this subject from some of the more mature among our remote correspondents. We Americans are anxious to know the facts, although it must be confessed that most of us are not attracted by long lamentations or a multiplicity of strange names.

Again we thank our missioners for their spiritual co-operation in our work and we ask them also to induce their faithful flocks to keep us in mind.

* * *

From the Exiles.

LETTERS have crossed the seas to us, since our last issue, from:

AFRICA—Fr. P. Coenen, Eregi.

CHINA—Fr. Planchet, Pekin; Fr. Galvin, Hangchow; Fr. Dupin, Hongkong; Fr. Montel, Chengtu; Fr. Robert, Hongkong; Mother M. Agnelle, Fou Kia Tien.

INDIA—Fr. Dominic, Trevandrum; Fr. Vaz, Mylapore.

JAPAN AND KOREA—Bishop Demange, Taikou; Fr. Raoult, Hitoyoshi; Fr. Steichen, Tokyo.

We also acknowledge with much appreciation letters and photographs from:

CHINA—Fr. Cools, Chinchowfu.

INDO-CHINA—Very Rev. Fr. Cothornay, Lang-Son.

OCEANIA—Bro. Joseph Dutton, Molokai.

TO TRAIN AN APOSTLE.

If you wish to establish, or to help establish, a free scholarship for the Seminary at Maryknoll or for our Apostolic School, see page 77.

JAPAN AND KOREA.

The following extract from a letter written to Fr. Gavan Duffy by one of his confrères, a missioner in Japan, gives us an interesting light on Msgr. Petrelli's recent visit to the Island Empire:

We have found great consolation in the splendid reception given to the papal delegate by the Emperor and all the authorities. The papers have spoken of this mission in the most respectful and friendly terms, and even the 'cabbage-leaves' that have not a circulation of two thousand, have noted the visit of the Pope's representative. Thus by means which we missioners are incapable of employing, God's Providence has advanced our work, or rather, His work.

We shall see the effects later. I learned only yesterday that certain prominent reviews were continuing to publish very serious articles on the Pope, on his attitude during the present war, etc. These seem to be copied from Catholic publications in Europe.

"I desire my mission to remain poor," writes the apostolic Bishop of Taikou, "but its present condition is one of misery." Bishop Demange has been hard hit by the war and he bewails the fact that, being released from military service on the ground that his presence in Korea is indispensable, he cannot come to America and beg!

AFRICA.

Coenen—not *Co-hen*—is the name of the public benefactor who announces the recovery of Fr. Rogan, the poet of Uganda. He writes:

Through the kindness of our mutual friend, Fr. Rogan, I had access for a time to your valuable organ, THE FIELD AFAR. It is a jolly little paper and I miss it now that I am back in my own mission.

Thanks be to God, Fr. Rogan is quite well now. He is in tears no longer and his personal beauty has certainly improved, for he has shaved his beard and, taking your advice, whitewashed himself. During his illness I nursed him for a few days, and if he ever suffered from original ravings, it was then. I don't wonder that he advised any Maryknoll seminarians coming here, to wear sunbonnets with broader brims than his.

In all his misery, even when he was unable to help himself at all, Fr. Rogan kept me laughing heartily with his jokes. I can assure you that the mixtures with which he was dosed (their recipes I won't mention) often reminded me of the stuff he wanted to try on his visitors. But he won't want to try it again, for his sickness did him more good than a retreat. He is all right now. So don't worry about him.

If ever a prize is given to the *poorest* mission, the good priests at *Eregi* think it should be theirs 'ten times over.' This station had only just been opened when the war broke out, and its sole riches seem to consist of 'loads and loads of sand,' which we are assured would be sent to us if Maryknoll were not such a long way off. Here is a little pen-picture of the mission, written by its zealous assistant pastor:

Until recently my superior and I lived together in one small room, where we were often under the necessity of 'putting our heads together.' But now we have built a house and each of us is rejoicing in the luxury of a separate room. We have a thick grass roof to keep our heads cool during the hot days and our windows are waiting for panes in the form of American cloth, which will protect us from cold draughts at night.

As a dwelling for Our Lord we have given all we had, i. e., the room we used to share together. I shall not call it a cathedral; in fact, I think it is a good imitation of the poor stable at Bethlehem. The floor and walls are covered with cow-dung—the exquisite 'plaster' used in this country. No statue, no ornament of any kind honors the House of God, and as we have no tabernacle, we are obliged to refuse our Master a permanent abode with us and with the people who want Him so much. If it were not for the lack of men and means, the whole population here would have become Catholic long ago.

TONG-KING.

Fr. Cothonay, Prefect-Apostolic in Tong-king, did not celebrate New Year's Day until February 3, that being the date on which the Annamite year began, but we judge from the following lines that the occasion was one of special rejoicing. Fr. Cothonay writes:

A pious Buddhist lady of Lang-Son, who had her private pagoda in her garden, has just been converted. Most of the furniture in the pagoda was destroyed, but I saved for you a big picture, representing twenty gods, or *genii*, of the Annamite pantheon. I bought the bell of that pagan temple for five dollars. I blessed it and now it rings the Angelus three times a day in my seminary.

Enclosed in Fr. Cothonay's letter was a sheet of hieroglyphics which we were relieved to find nothing more serious than a greeting from the seminarians of Lang-Son to the superior at Maryknoll. Fortunately Fr. Cothonay translated these characters—"in order to facilitate their understanding"—into "vulgar English:"

We salute you ten thousand times. The Very Rev. Fr. Prefect has narrated to us of your foundations and we rejoice greatly of it. Here also our superior has founded a seminary; therefore henceforward shall we pray God every month to prosper you and your works. On the occasion of the beginning of the year we have then taken the liberty to address you this humble letter in order to wish you and your pupils a happy New Year.

We beg you, Rev. Mr. Superior, to remember us always in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and to pray for us, so imperfect and poor under every respect, in order that God may have pity on us, infusing in us solid virtues so that our conduct may be without reproach and that with our whole heart we may follow the will of our superior here below, to merit the favor some day to ascend to Heaven after you, to praise the Lord of Heaven—Three Persons—in His court forever and ever.

We prostrate ourselves at your feet. In fine, we ask you again to remember us in your prayers, as we shall do ourselves for you.

Look at the burse list on page 77, select your favorite, and send for a few burse-cards.

A MODERN MARTYR
sells for fifty cents.
Postage ten cents extra.

AN AMERICAN MISSION-ARY IN ALASKA
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR
Ossining New York

FROM MOLOKAI.

Brother Joseph Dutton, of the Leper Settlement at Molokai, sent us a belated 17th of March envelope, decorated with a green cross and containing an American flag 'made in Japan.' Brother Dutton has not died now for some time and he seems as usual in fine fettle.

Send for a *Chi Rho* (key-roë) pin and wear it.

"At times a thought of sad wonderment arises within us when we remember that, after no less than nineteen completed centuries since the coming and death of Christ, there are still vast regions and countless populations to whom His coming and its purposes are still unknown, and ever-succeeding generations to whom His Gospel has not been preached. This is one of the mysteries of God's dealings with His creatures, impossible of adequate explanation by those who cannot yet judge in the light of the eternal values, but have to think in terms of time and space. But we know the fact, and it should and must suffice to us, that God has made even the greatest of His Works, the Redemption of mankind, to depend in very large measure upon the freely given co-operation of men themselves. The Gospel can be preached, as a general rule, only by men, and it is a very rare exception when the Divine Spirit is pleased by direct inspiration to make known to some singularly favored soul the Truth of God. The ordinary, normal law is that laid down by St. Paul when in the Epistle to the Romans he says: 'Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved. How, then, shall they call upon Him in Whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?'—Card. Bourne.

CHINA.

'It's a long—a very long—way to Manchuria,' but we know a valiant nun—a Franciscan Missionary of Mary—who has traveled to that distant country from New York, nor has she forgotten her American friends. In a recent letter she writes:

I am not surprised that your work is blessed by God. May many young Americans enroll themselves each year under your banner! The missions have need of priests and this need will be especially urgent in a few years, for a great gap will be made by the loss of those killed in the war.

Here in Manchuria—in a new field which can be cleared only with labor and suffering—conversions are rare, but one must sow before reaping. In our wicked city we have already had some consolations. During our first year we baptized forty-two persons at the point of death and in seven weeks of this year the number has reached eighteen.

We now have a small room where we can receive the dying who are thrown in the streets. At one side a carpenter makes the coffins and this is a solace to the poor creatures, for had they not come to us, they would have been devoured by dogs. All go to Heaven and they must indeed be sur-

prised by the great happiness that awaits them after such a wretched existence.

This year it has become so hard to procure the means of livelihood that without a miracle of Providence we shall not be able to hold out. All the crops in North China have been ruined by the rain and we cannot get provisions anywhere. Yet our Christians, believing that we are rich, are very insistent and do not understand that we cannot give them what we do not possess. To take a Chinaman by his stomach is as easy as to take an Irishman by his heart. Every one has his weak point in this world.

"Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest."—St. John iv. 35.

"Up to this moment," writes a correspondent in South China, "everything is quiet here." Then he adds:

General Tin and one of his captains were murdered last week not far from Canton. As a punishment, two villages were burned by the military authorities and six hundred men beheaded.

It all depends on the point of view!

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A WORD FROM INDIA.

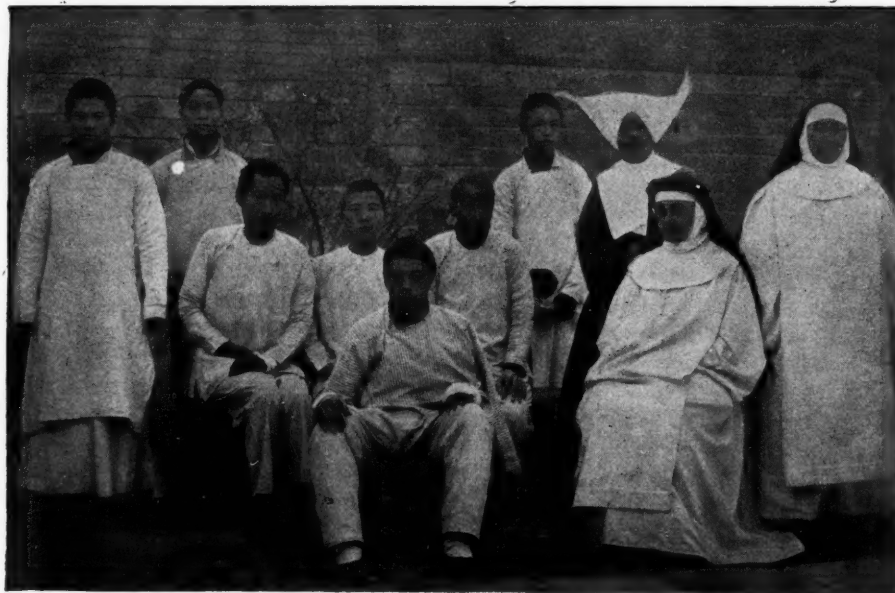
One of the Brothers of St. Gabriel, who under the management of the Paris Foreign Mission Society conduct a large college in Bangalore, writes to thank us for THE FIELD AFAR:

All we can do for you is to pray, hear Masses, and offer Communions for the success of your work and the spread of the missionary spirit in America. That much we have done in the past and will continue to do in the future.

A baker's dozen would be too large a count for the number of native-born United States nuns on the foreign mission field of the Catholic Church. But the day is dawning when this reproach will be taken away from us.

The adjoining photograph includes, besides a Chinese nun, St. Catherine Buschman, of Baltimore, Md., and Mother Agnelle, who lived several years in this country and counts here many ardent admirers.

It is not too early to urge prayers for missionary vocations among our young women, and in doing so, we are convinced that, according to a principle of the spiritual life, the need of vocations for the splendid enterprises of the Church at home, will be the more surely met.



WHERE OUR FRIENDS MEET IN CHINA.
(Mother Agnelle, formerly in charge of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in the United States, visits Sr. Catherine Buschman, an American Sister of Charity in Pekin.)

His Brother's Visit.

By Florence Gilmore.



SOON after his Mass, said a little more quickly than usual, it must be confessed, Fr. Garneau helped Joseph, his Chinese servant and catechist, to put their poor little house in the best possible order and to prepare an extra bed with covers that could ill be spared from their own, for the May nights were still chilly. He then gathered every flower in his tiny garden and arranged them all in bowls and an earthen crock, his hands trembling so much in his excitement that he dropped one blossom after another and broke the best of his bowls. From one box he took a few cakes, from another some fruit—rare treats, both of them, but that was a gala day. Afterward, for the third or fourth time, he smoothed the bed. Fearing that the pillow was low, he slipped his own under it, and with but indifferent success tried to conceal the fact that he had none, by throwing his cloak across the place where it should have been. All the while he smiled happily and from time to time sang a few bars of an old French hymn in a thin, quavering, old voice. Suddenly some one rapped at the door so loudly that he was startled.

"It's Pu-ling! No one else makes so much noise," Joseph said, grinning broadly as he went to open the door.

It was indeed Pu-ling. The instant he caught a glimpse of the interior of the house, he noted its transformation, yet he carefully laid on the floor the package he carried, before throwing up his hands and exclaiming, "But a

palace! The mandarin himself hasn't finer!"

Joseph's round face beamed with pride, but Fr. Garneau, trying to be modest in the midst of splendor, said only, "It does look well, very well."

"And your honorable brother will be here to-day?"

"Yes, at noon; and he will stay with me until to-morrow evening." Fr. Garneau's face was radiant, and loving the sound of the words, he repeated softly, "He will stay until to-morrow evening."

"So long!" Pu-ling exclaimed. His own brothers were rascals and he wasted no affection upon them.

"Long! Oh no, it will not be long!" Fr. Garneau contradicted. "A day and a half after thirty-five years! It is a great joy the good God gives me, but it is not long. Thirty-five years! I can hardly realize it. He is old, too; he must be, though I cannot believe it. Louis is older than I by four years. When we were boys at college, he was always good to me. He was clever and he helped me with my books; I was never quick, nor studious, either, I fear. And he it was who taught me to ride and to shoot." Fr. Garneau paused for a moment before he added, his eyes twinkling, "Louis tried to teach me to dance! I could not learn at all. The mere thought of the young ladies frightened me out of my wits!"

Pu-ling did not understand in the least why Fr. Garneau was amused, but he smiled to keep him company, and the old priest went on with his reminiscences:

"When I left home, Louis was nearly thirty years old, big and

broad-shouldered—a soldier, Pu-ling, in a fine uniform. Ah, he was proud of his finery and of all it meant!" His face saddened. He was thinking anxiously how much more proud his dear, big brother had ever been of his cleverness, his prowess, his rank, even his uniforms, than of his Faith. But soon he smiled again, very, very tenderly. "Louis was always good to me," he said softly.

Obedying a sudden inspiration, Fr. Garneau quickly crossed the room and taking from the wall a faded picture hung above the table that served him for a desk, he placed it near his brother's bed. "Louis was devoted to Mother," he murmured, but Pu-ling did not hear. He was examining the room in detail.

"And so many flowers! Flowers everywhere!" he exclaimed, under his breath, noticing for the first time the largest bunch, carefully placed where it hid a great hole in the wall. "Cakes, too!" he cried a moment later; and thus forcibly reminded of his errand, he very carefully took his package from the floor and gave it to Fr. Garneau. "It is eggs, only a few eggs, but fresh," he said. "All for you and your honorable brother."

As he spoke, a little boy came up behind him, smiling proudly and happily. He carried a basket which he held out towards Fr. Garneau. "My father sent this to you," he said. "It is our dinner. We have dinner nearly every day, and this is for you and your brother, so he will have a nice time in Shang-ti."

Deeply touched, Fr. Garneau accepted the rice and thanked the

child. He knew that to have refused it would have wounded him and his parents, but it made his heart ache to think of a man, a woman, and seven children dinnerless that day.

Pu-ling had loitered, eager to know what was the boy's errand, and now as he was going away, two strangers, young men both of them, dressed in the kind of blue suits worn by Chinese sailors and rowers, came running towards the house. He stopped at once, for—all traditions to the contrary—curiosity is not monopolized by women. Fr. Garneau saw them, too, saw them with a feeling of uneasiness.

"Father!" one of them panted, as soon as he caught sight of the priest in the shadow of the doorway. "Father, we are glad to find you at home. You know us. We are from Kan-su, down the river. You come to us sometimes on Sunday, and—and a man is sick in Kan-su. He is dying; the doctor says so. He begs for a priest, so we have come for you. We have a boat. You will go back with us? He is dying."

As he listened, Fr. Garneau's happy face grew piteous to see. He became so white and the hand he put out to steady himself trembled so violently that even Pu-ling noticed and understood.

"You have come from Kan-su," Fr. Garneau stammered. "It would take six hours for me to go back with you—the man might be dead long before—and six hours more to come home!"

"Yes, Father; six hours, if we make haste. We will bring you home to-morrow, as early as you say. The dying man, he is begging for a priest."

Fr. Garneau looked at them and said not a word.

"He cannot go!" Pu-ling snapped. "He shall not go! Bring him back, to-morrow! Little good that would do!"

"No, he cannot go. His honorable brother comes to-day—in an hour—and it is thirty-five



"Fr. Garneau wrote a few lines for his brother."

years since he saw him last. We are all ready to receive him. We have been getting ready for three days. He cannot go," Joseph explained.

The rowers looked questioningly at each other; then the speaker repeated in a dogged way, "They sent us for you. He is nearly dead. He begs for a priest. We will bring you home to-morrow."

"I will go with you," Fr. Garneau said quietly; and two big tears rolled down over his cheeks.

He gave some directions to Joseph, wrote a few lines for his brother, promising to return as soon as possible, got the holy oils, and a quarter of an hour later was going with the rowers to their

boat, while Joseph stood looking after him and seeing nothing through his tears, and Pu-ling followed, muttering imprecations against all the people of Kan-su, and against all sick men, particularly those who would not die unshriven.

Fr. Garneau found the first part of the trip long and wearisome. The day had grown hot, the glare of the sun on the water made his eyes burn, and his heart was heavy and sore. But after a time he forgot all else in the peace that flooded his soul. He had made one more sacrifice for his Master, the greatest, perhaps, of his life. Even leaving home years before had been easier. He had been young then, and instinctively hopeful; now he was old and tired and the homesickness of thirty-five years had clamored against his giving up so much of his brother's visit, a visit all too short at best, long promised, often put off, but come at last. Besides, he feared Louis would not understand, that he would be angry or offended.

Reaching Kan-su at dusk, Fr. Garneau was conducted by one of the rowers to the home of Ming-ti, the richest Christian in the place. Ming-ti, little and heavy-set, with the manner of a prince and the simple heart of a child, received him with beautiful courtesy and reverence.

"Thank the good God, Father, you are in time!" he said. "But there is not a minute to be lost. Come quickly. I will take you to our patient." He spoke French—after a fashion—as he was accustomed to do when he met Fr. Garneau or any other European,

being very proud of his accomplishment, the fruit of three years spent in Lyons. The room to which he led the way was large and handsomely furnished, but so dark in the twilight that the priest had to grope his way to the bed.

The sick man was old, Fr. Garneau judged, for he could see that his rather long hair was white against the satin pillow; and it was evident that he suffered intensely—he moaned with every breath he drew.



"The day had grown hot and the glare of the sun on the water made his eyes burn."

Fr. Garneau knelt beside the bed to talk to him the more easily. "I am a priest; you sent for me," he said.

"Thank God you have come!" the man gasped. "It is twenty-five years, Father, since my last confession. I could not die. Thank God!" Then, slowly, interrupted more than once by paroxysms of pain, he made his confession, and after giving him absolution, Fr. Garneau anointed him.

The man's joy was pathetic to see. "I am not worthy of all this! I deserve nothing, nothing—but God is so good!" he whispered again and again, and afterward lay so long motionless, with his hands crossed on his breast, that

Fr. Garneau began to think the end had come. The minutes passed, the darkness deepened, and still the man did not stir. Fr. Garneau rose, at last, and moved towards the door. Since all was over, he thought, perhaps he could start homeward at once. But before he had gone more than a few steps, the man stirred. Fr. Garneau stood still and waited.

"Father!" came the whisper; and the priest went back.

"Father, you have been so good. Would you do me one more favor?"

Fr. Garneau gently assured him that he would do anything he could.

"Will you take a message from me to my brother? I was on my way to visit him when I fell ill here and my friend took me in. I shall never see him now—my little brother. Tell him, Father, that—that—" and the weak voice trailed into silence.

A servant slipped into the room, bearing a lamp. He placed it upon a table and quickly withdrew, leaving Fr. Garneau looking for the first time into a thin, dark, old face with a mouth which had once been humorous and black eyes which still held much of their youthful fire. Then the priest stooped, and very, very tenderly kissed the old man's forehead.

"Louis," he said, "don't you know me? It is I, your little Pierre!"

The dying man looked up at him for a long minute. It was hard to grasp it all, but at length a wonderful smile dawned in his eyes. "Little Pierre! Dear little Pierre!" he whispered. "Thank God! Thank God!"

And that was the end.

For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.

Spiritual Help.

OUR prayerfully inclined readers will please remember that we count Communions and Rosaries offered for our work as a miser counts his gold. One Communion a month and one Rosary a week—for this co-operation we shall be deeply grateful.

Every nun can be a centre of great influence. One writes:

As a religious, I do not have the means, financially, to do much for this noble cause, but as far as it is in my power to give, I offer you the benefit of all my good works of each Saturday. I have also requested the prayers of our novices and will have the school-children pray for the same intention.

Seminarians, students of Philosophy and Theology, in one of the Eastern States are giving us each month this generous measure of spiritual co-operation:

Rosaries	26
Communions	26
Mass Attendance	22
Prayers	30
Daily Labor	60
Daily Trials	32
Stations of the Cross	16
Abstinence	14
Alms to any Cause	8

A certain white-cornetted Sister of Charity, who directs novices, will be surprised to read the following lines from another member of her community, who lives 'up-state' in New York:

On a visit to our Mother-House the other day, I learned that the Directress of the Seminary (as we call our novitiate) gave a moving exhortation to the Seminary Sisters to pray fervently for the new Catholic Foreign Mission College. As fourteen received the holy habit and were sent out in all directions, even as far as North Carolina, you have young apostles scattered through the country. I do not forget to pray for your intentions often and earnestly. God bless your work!

Ramblings from the Knoll.



THE baseball is rolling on the green and there is no longer any dust on last year's bats. The field that has been grudgingly set aside by Brother Henny Farmer, is not in first-class condition, but it serves as an excuse for every 'groundee' that is missed and so it does quite well.



"The baseball is rolling on the green and there is no longer any dust on last year's bats."

The Vénard boys are practicing so as to measure their skill with the seniors, whom they must love and leave at the end of June. Later, also, they expect to try their luck against some of the stalwart athletes of Scranton, Pa.

The new mules are doing very nicely, thank you. So far no one's face has been even slightly scarred. Nor are we surprised, because the man who brought us the mules—and he walked behind them all the way from Brooklyn—mentioned a very delicate trait in their character. He said that they *do* kick, but so gently that the hoof just grazes the object of attack without giving even a skin-scratch. Wonderfully precise are these Maryknoll mules.

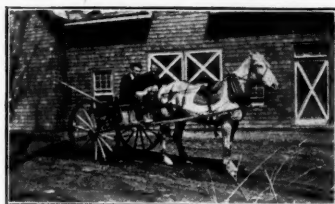
We are now trying to get rid of the white horse, *Bill*. Horses are like some people: the less they bring, the prouder they grow. Now this horse, *Bill*, brought only four legs, a framework lined on the outside with stained hair, a half-cut mane, and one glassy eye. A harness was hung on his haunches the first night and was taken off with difficulty. That was last spring.

To-day *Bill* would not reach for

the top-notch prize in a *Beauty and the Beast* show, but he appreciates his surroundings and is useful. He has fallen into flesh without falling under it, and he associates with our students as if they were his equals and their tip-cart, his chariot. *Bill* may yet see Europe, and if he does, we hope that his head will not be turned—when the command "Forward!" is given.

We heard recently of a very estimable parish priest who at a birthday gathering was called as witness in a mock trial. The point to be settled was the age of the hostess, and the good Father was summarily dismissed from the stand when, in answer to the question: "What do you know about women?" he replied, "Nothing, nothing!"

Some of our friends may be in-



"He associates with our students as if they were his equals and their tip-cart, his chariot."

clined to ask what we at Maryknoll know about women and our answer is, "Less, the longer we live." We have some, nevertheless, and if they had not been rendering us loyal and faithful service, you, dear reader, would not now be following our movements in THE FIELD AFAR.

The women at Maryknoll have always aroused some curiosity, on the part especially of nuns and aspiring nuns, and occasionally a gentle reader loses her patience and writes: "Why *don't* you tell us more about the women at Maryknoll?" We are going to, but just wait a little longer and you will get a broadside.

The auxiliary brothers at Mary-

knoll also deserve more space than we have given to them, but—if we *must* confess to poverty—we have had so little room to offer them that we hardly dared to throw out our nets. Our hope is to gradually attach to the Seminary a body of earnest, bright young Catholic men who will serve us at home or on the missions—wherever they are needed—as helpers and companions. The opportunity is a fine one for some worthy youths, and there are many such, if they can be discovered by our friends.

We have 'Jacks-of-some-trades' at Maryknoll, but we have not yet secured a professional photographer—the man who can press a bulb with assurance that a satisfactory picture will later appear. There *are* such men. You have paid them and so have we—before the price of paper advanced. So far, however, we have not been able to present a Knoller worthy of the degree—*Doctor of Photography*.

* *

The Vénard at Clark's Green.

PERHAPS you did not catch the news in our April issue, but if you, too, read THE FIELD AFAR 'from cover to cover,' this can hardly be the case. Well, our preparatory school is going to be settled near Scranton.

Two years ago last September, as you may recall, we opened this school in two hired houses on Clay Avenue, in Scranton. We stayed there until the lease expired and we were pushed out into 'the cold,



"So far we have not been able to present a Knoller worthy of the degree—*Doctor of Photography*."

cold world' because we would not sign our name to a piece of paper. The boys liked Scranton and some of the more discerning among the Scranton people liked our youngsters so well that they really felt sorry to see them go home to their mother at Maryknoll, but it could not be helped.

Then *Madame Rumor* sent out word that the Vénard School would never come back to the Valley of Anthracite, and conjectures more or less complimentary were hazarded on the *why, wherefore, and when* of the Vénard's going. But the young school left some loyal friends in Scranton and THE FIELD AFAR kept them. They are all very happy now in the thought that the institution will soon be a fixture, within easy reach of their attractive city.

Clark's Green is just about a mile north of Clark's Summit, a station on the main line of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, and only six miles from Scranton, a city of 150,000 people. The *Green* has its own post-office and furnishes as charming a bit of landscape as one would wish to see. There are hills on every side, with occasional notches revealing other hills in the distance, while dairy-farms with state-wide reputations abound.

"Vénard," our new estate—and Blessed Theophane never dreamt that it would be named after him—comprises not less than 135 acres. Please remember that *Maryknoll*, about which we have been talking for almost four years, has only 93 acres. Then realize what you have ahead of you when we get into the beauties of Clark's Green.

There is a pond on the property that rivals the famous Frog Pond of Boston Common, but in the Vénard pond there are said to be real trout waiting for the hook, swimming in water seven feet deep and hoping now to live long enough to sport with the little

Vénardines when they try the water early—very early—next September. There is an ice-house, and an Artesian well that draws thirsty neighbors from miles around. There is a wind-mill, too, that neither *winds* nor *mills*, but we hope to have it do both when we get seventy-five dollars to repair it.

We have a large, octagonal barn where well-bred horses have been holding receptions for the past several years, cow-stalls that many a tramp would be glad to hire, more or less 'lovely' pig-pens, a hen-compound, and a grain-house that would attract the choicest kind of rat. We cannot boast of a garage—yet, but there is a farm-house that will save us some thousands of dollars and, if Blessed Theophane will protect it for us, will be serviceable for many a year—for the next few years as the Vénard School and later as a branch house for our good women at Maryknoll.

The estate offers some splendid sites for our permanent building and we know that one day the people of Scranton will be pleased to bring their friends to Clark's Green and point out the attractive edifice that crowns its sloping fields. May we all live to see that day!

How much did we pay for the property? We are not surprised to have you ask the question and we are glad, because, though one who does not know us well might think it strange, we had almost forgotten about that part of it.

To bind the agreement, we paid \$100, which was practically all we possessed at the time. It was in the form of a check that, unsolicited, had been very thoughtfully given to our treasurer the evening before by a well-known business woman who said, "Use it as you think best." When the deal was closed, we were pleased to notify our benefactress that her check had sealed the purchase contract for the Vénard School.



This is our legal title. It will be appropriate in any Catholic's will.

Since then we have paid \$5,000 on the property and assumed a mortgage of \$15,000, which, with the help of friends through the country—among whom those around Scranton will be not the least interested—we hope to cancel in a not too long space of time.

We value the land, including the buildings, at fifty cents the hundred feet or one half-cent a foot. If you are inclined to invest, for our benefit, in this very reasonable property, send us payment for as many feet as you wish and we will return to you a sealed certificate which you may keep as a souvenir.

* *

New Subscribers:

Ordinary	197
Associate	216

Total 413*

Out of 413 new subscribers, 216 Associates! We are even more gratified to announce that several hundred of our ordinary subscribers have recently been made Associates—to express their satisfaction with THE FIELD AFAR and, better still, their desire to share in the spiritual advantages of membership in our Society.

At the request of any subscriber who sends us either one new Associate Subscription or two new Ordinary Subscriptions, we will forward, free, our Maryknoll pin, the growingly popular Chi Rho (key-ro).

*Includes 14 priests and 2 Sisters.

Recent Gatherings.

In seeking support for our young Seminary, we strive to bear in mind constantly the home needs, parochial, diocesan, and national, so as to stimulate rather than to interfere with the splendid and necessary work that is being carried on to-day so widely in the United States. We shall be satisfied to 'gather the fragments that remain.'

PRESENTS IN KIND.

Cassocks, birettas, cape, cincture, clothing, etc., from Rev. Friend, N. Y.; cassock and Roman collars from Rev. Friend, Conn.; breviaries from Rev. Friend, Conn.; clock from W. O'C., N. Y.; ring and coins from C. D., Ill.; tinfoil from A. S., Cal.; cancelled stamps from Cal., Conn., Ind., Mass., Mo., N. Y., Ore., Pa., R. I., W. Va.

FROM ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama		1
California	\$38.15	25
Colorado	3.00	
Connecticut	58.40	12
District of Columbia	13.15	6
Georgia	1.00	
Idaho	3.00	1
Illinois	604.00	7
Indiana	14.00	7
Iowa	15.00	2
Kansas	4.50	3
Maine	3.00	
Maryland	20.00	10
Massachusetts	441.93	82
Michigan	27.00	2
Minnesota	8.00	2
Missouri	32.00	1
Montana		1
Nebraska	2.00	5
New Hampshire	11.00	3
New Jersey	43.00	6
New Mexico		1
New York	325.20	91
Ohio	21.95	5
Oklahoma	5.00	1
Oregon	10.00	2
Pennsylvania	140.68	100
Rhode Island	57.50	11
South Dakota	6.00	
Texas	1.00	
Vermont	30.25	5
Virginia	6.78	
West Virginia		5
Wisconsin	6.00	2

FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.

Canada	\$20.50	11
England		1
Ireland		1
Newfoundland	3.00	
South America		1

If you wish to help us spiritually, write for Apostles' Aid slips.

Why Not

share in a Foreign Mission Burse? To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

Each Burse, or foundation, will provide for the education, not only of one priest, but of many in successive generations. Every Burse represents at least \$5,000, which will be carefully invested so as to draw a yearly interest sufficient for this purpose.

COMPLETED BURSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse.....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse.....	5,000.
O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.

A YEAR'S PROGRESS.
PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

	May, 1915.	May, 1916.
Towards Archbishop John J. Williams Burse.....	\$251.71	**\$5,266.21
Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse.....	*3,109.50	*3,160.12
Towards St. Joseph Burse.....	1,522.65	2,155.45
Towards St. Teresa Burse.....	†2,021.50	†2,035.00
Towards All Souls Burse.....	1,549.91	2,033.04
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	†1,890.43	†1,955.41
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for Vénard)	714.83	1,740.47
Towards St. Patrick Burse.....	912.10	1,300.10
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	924.91	1,102.99
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse (for Vénard)	947.00	1,097.00
Towards Father B. Burse.....	*1,054.00	*1,056.00
Towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	402.50	748.26
Towards Holy Ghost Burse.....	242.50	705.54
Towards St. Anthony Burse.....	213.55	593.44
Towards Pius X. Burse.....	231.00	423.35
Towards St. Columba Burse.....	301.50	363.50
Towards St. Stephen Burse.....	342.00	345.00
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	71.75	304.85
Towards Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	300.20
Towards St. Dominic Burse.....	14.25	259.80
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	160.71	217.51
Towards St. Lawrence Burse.....	162.00	200.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse.....	119.00	151.00
Towards Precious Blood Burse.....	150.00
Towards St. Boniface Burse.....	104.00	111.00
Towards Curé of Ars Burse.....	137.00
Towards All Saints Burse.....	68.05	77.90
Towards St. Rita Burse.....	23.00	77.25
Towards Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse.....	52.00
Towards Our Lady of Mercy Burse.....	29.00
Towards Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse.....	17.00
Towards Holy Name Burse.....	14.00
Towards Immaculate Conception Burse.....	13.00
Towards Joan of Arc Burse.....	11.00
Towards Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	11.00
Towards St. Agnes Burse.....	10.00
Towards St. Paul Burse.....	8.00
Towards St. Aloysius Burse.....	5.00
Towards Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	1.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

S	P	E	C	I	A	L	F	U	N	D	S
Archbishop Williams Catechist Fund.....											*\$6,000.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund.....											2,550.00
Vénard Student Fund.....											517.60
Bread Fund.....											110.17

*On hand but not operative.

**\$5,000 on hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

Counting Our Friends.



WHO sent those *Cracker Jacks* that came from —heim and —stein, Brooklyn?

A Sunday School teacher in Connecticut asks what we charge for 'holy pictures'—prints of sacred subjects—as she wishes to distribute some to her class. They sell for twenty-five cents a hundred. There are twenty-nine different kinds.

Minnesota must be a worthwhile kind of place to interest in foreign missions, if we judge from a letter received lately at Maryknoll. The writer asked for the names of *all* missionaries in China, Japan, India, Alaska, and the Philippines, adding, "I can't do much, but I will do what I can for them."

We sent a mite box and applauded so generous a resolve.

K. OF C.

To Scranton Council No. 280, K. of C., we are indebted for the refund of twenty dollars, paid by friends of the Vénard School for the use of the Council Hall.

In the same mail we found a check for an offering contributed by several members of Monrovia Council No. 1242, at its regular meeting.

The *K. of C.* will get into foreign missions one of these days. It is bound to go on widening its horizon.

AT THE SIGN OF THE JUNK-SHOP.

Do you remember—that once last year we sent down to the U. S. Assay Office in old New York—or New Jew York, if you will—a varied lot of jewelry junk? With all due respect for our friends, we thought that most if it would be returned to us labeled "brass," or something less valuable, but we ac-

tually received for this cast-off finery \$182.90.

Now we are going to unload again soon and if you have anything to add to the heap, send it along. The Maryknoll junk-man already has in his collection:

Broken Bracelets	Gold Pens
Dented Thimbles	Rings
Go-less Watches	Eye-Glass Frames
Single Cuff-Buttons	Gold Crosses
Silver Pencil-Holders	Class Premiums
Earrings	Chains
Brooches	Broken Spoons
Paper-Cutter	Battered Coins
Handles	Collar-Buttons

FIELD AFAR PUSHERS.

Requests for THE FIELD AFAR came recently from laymen in Seward, Alaska, and Honolulu.

"Why didn't you ask me long ago?" writes a new friend, sending her first subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

We were too bashful. Excuse us.

Not a few among our subscribers who shift their tents from time to time, now send some extra stamps 'to defray the cost of changing the stencil.' There are thoughtful people in this world besides the bill-collectors.

"Send me ten copies of THE FIELD AFAR for my pamphlet-rack," writes a priest from the West. His is not the only rack that carries this paper, but there are hundreds that do not carry it because they do not know it.

The "Ladies' Waiting-Room" in large department stores seems to inspire occasional remittances. We have had such from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Where next? And how do we get associated with such places? Why not introduce us to the managers and have them establish FIELD AFAR agencies?

The Field Afar has readers and good friends in twenty-five countries—and in every State of the Union.

A subscriber coming from the Far West to the Atlantic Coast, writes that she was 'near calling at Maryknoll, but was afraid the Mary Knolls would think she was a fake (sic).' Not at all. We assure our friend that the Mary Knolls can tell a paid subscriber at a glance, and she would have been welcome, although she might have missed her pocket-book on the way back.

A South Boston reader has taken up the idea of interesting Catholic physicians in THE FIELD AFAR. Four have responded with subscriptions for two years and have expressed their intention of leaving the paper on the reception-room table. This is not a bad suggestion for dentists or for parochial residences, convents, and hospitals. It requires attention, however,—a thing that is not so easy to secure in our days of many interests.

"Now that you have a cover, why not raise your subscription price to one dollar a year?" writes a solicitous friend who wonders how we manage to exist without collections, fairs, concerts, vaudeville, reunions, and other catch-the-dollar devices which so many good works feel obliged to use.

We do not need to raise the price of our ordinary subscription for the simple reason that most of our readers already send us a dollar so as to become associates in our work, or they will do so of their own initiative when they get hold of the idea. In the meantime, fifty cents will enable some to subscribe who otherwise really could not afford it.

Can you, *you* we mean, give us a list of ten names, not necessarily in your own town or city, but, and even preferably, in different sections of the English-speaking world—the United States, Canada, British Isles, or Australia—to whom we could appeal for Associate Subscriptions at one dollar each? That is a long sentence, but

not much of a request when you consider the opportunity for your friends and the advantage to our work.

We wish to scatter seed—to spread the foreign mission spirit across this country, especially, and also overseas to our English-speaking brethren. We can do so—but not effectively without your aid. Will you supply it?

Some nuns in Kansas, answering our request for a subscription, sent an Associate Membership and added, "Thank you for asking. We are glad to give this."

There are many Catholics, both in the service of the Church and in the ranks of the laity, who know nothing of THE FIELD AFAR or of the work which it promotes and who would be thankful for the opportunity to share in the Catholic apostolate. We can reach only a limited number while we are few and needed at the Seminary, but you, dear reader, can, if you will, find for us friends among your friends.

So talk up THE FIELD AFAR if you think it is worth pushing. We try to be good to our benefactors and we promise not to forget you.

We need ten new subscribers a day to make us feel that we are not going backward. May we look for a few from you some day next week?

The *Book of Knowledge*, an encyclopedia for young people, would be a welcome gift for our Vénards, if you happen to have outgrown your copy.

WE ask you to remember in your prayers the souls of:

Sr. M. Crescentia	Patrick King
Sr. Antoinette Marie	Dr. F. H. Barnes
Mrs. Cath rine Mace	Mrs. M. S. Leitz
Mrs. Mary Frith	Joseph Flateau
Mrs. E. McLellan	Mrs. Elizabeth Neill
Mrs. E. O'Rourke	S. J. Fitzgerald
Mr. Cooper	Thos. A. Crawford

Enrolled Late! in Perpetuity.

Marcella McAdams	Deceased Members
Mrs. Phelan and Deceased Relatives	and Friends of the Mahoney Family

Come Along, Young People!



ANSWERS to our prize questions came from several boys and girls, and each received a *Chi Rho* (key-ro) pin. The best answers, from Brighton, Mass., were as follows:

- (1) There are about 15,000,000,000 people in the world.
- (2) About two-thirds of the people are heathen.
- (3) Most of the heathen are in China and Japan.
- (4) Most of our missionaries have been sent from France.
- (5) About 10 or 15 priests from the United States are on the mission field.

THE 'ROUTERS.'

In a recent issue we made this announcement:

If your name is on our list, we will, at your request, send you ten copies of THE FIELD AFAR to sell at five cents each (no more) to your relatives or friends. If you sell them all, we shall be satisfied if you send us twenty two-cent stamps, using one of them for postage. If you cannot sell enough to make up forty cents, send us a post-card and we will tell you what to do. However, you certainly *can* dispose of ten and probably you will be asking for more.

But remember! We do not wish you to present yourself to strangers without a special permission from your pastor.

The suggestion was caught on the fly by several of our young people and we begin to see some real possibilities in it. Here is one letter:

I should be immensely pleased if you would send thirty copies of THE FIELD AFAR to me, for distribution among friends at five cents a copy. Your 'chummy' little paper, which abounds in news of mission interest and so completely wins the reader to

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues) for \$4.00			
25 " " "	"	"	10.00
50 " " "	"	"	20.00
100 " " "	"	"	40.00

your noble cause, deserves a far wider circulation than it at present enjoys. Perhaps this part of Brooklyn at least can lend its mite. Kindly forward a Record Book, as I hope to get some subscriptions from my friends.

Of course, as a money-making scheme for our 'routers,' the proposition is not a very enticing one, because from ten copies sold at five cents each the profit will be only ten cents—a cent on each copy. But as our young people get interested, they will find all kinds of satisfaction in being 'routers' and 'rooters' for THE FIELD AFAR.

FROM THE SCHOOLS.

School-children of St. Patrick's Parish in Cincinnati have sent a gift of ten dollars for the burse of their patron.

Letters like this from the Third Academic Class at a Visitation convent school, make us realize what a good influence the mission spirit may exercise on growing minds:

We often think of those people who know nothing about Our Dear Lord and of others who do know Him but remain with cold, ungrateful hearts, returning no thanks for the many benefits they daily receive. We love to hear about foreign missions and if at any time you are in Baltimore, it would be a pleasure to have you visit the Academy and tell us of our dusky-skinned sisters in far-away lands.

From 'way down South' in New Orleans we have received an offering sent by the youngest children of the Sacred Heart Academy, one of whom writes:

We have four hundred and fifty pennies to send you. The little paper you send to the Sacred Heart is so full of fun and jokes. When I am big I am going to take your paper. I was eight years old this month. I am in the elementary class or the second

grade. This is my second year at school and I love it very much.

A Sister writes:

The enclosed check is the result of a story I told my girls.

A little orphan girl was sick with typhoid fever and was obliged to have her hair, which was very beautiful, cut off. It seems that she was much interested in Chinese babies and now was her opportunity to secure some with her own money. When Sister cut her hair, the child asked her to send it to a hair-dealer and tell him she wanted sixty cents for it, as she wished to buy three Chinese babies. Of course the hair was dead and of no value, but to please the little one, Sister did as she was requested. The hair-dealer was very much touched by the child's desire and sent her a dollar, to buy two for him also.

This is the story and it had its effect on my girls, for without my knowing it, they arranged among themselves that if they were successful in their examinations, they would each buy a Chinese baby. They were faithful to their promise and you can imagine my joy when they presented me with the money. Of course the amount is not large, but the spirit and enthusiasm of my little missionaries have added much to the value of the gift.

Usually, when a school becomes interested in us, we can trace the cause, under God, to some Catholic-hearted pastor or to a nun whose one ambition in life is to get more souls for Christ. But here is proof that even the pupils may be instrumental in starting a school on its missionary career. A Sacred Heart Convent pupil over on the Pacific Coast writes:

By the way, a copy of THE FIELD AFAR is responsible for the existence of our missionary society. Once when Reverend Mother was good enough to send up some magazines to me, your paper happened to fall into my hands. This was my first glimpse into a new world, the world of the missions. The flame thus kindled in my heart, soon spread to the heart of a very dear friend, and together we asked permission to start a society for the missions.

You can't imagine how enthusiastic and how generous all the girls were. The charter members contributed toward the fund and we established a 'spot' tax and a tax on lost articles. Soon the entire school was enrolled and each pupil subscribed to one or two missionary magazines.

Circling the Circles.



MISSION CIRCLE activities are increasing just as we like to see them, slowly and surely. Already several States are represented and keen, intelligent interest has been manifested. By next fall we hope to realize a nation-wide Circle movement, with Maryknoll stamped inside and outside on every Circle. Who will be the pioneer Circler in your State?

The St. Patrick Circle, of Westfield, Mass., reveals some of its activities by the following order:

Please send:

- 50 mite boxes;
- 5 packages (of 100 each) of prayer prints;
- 25 St. Patrick burse-cards;
- 100 Our Lady of Perpetual Help burse-cards.

Centre Circle and Vénard Circle No. 1, both in Scranton, Pa., are happy in the thought that our apostolic school will be near them.

The Circle at Olyphant, Pa., has discovered that Clark's Green can be reached by a short and attractive drive or walk, and its members will probably soon get their first glimpse of the Vénard site.

The activity of the Virgin Mary Mission Club, in New Bedford, Mass., is evident from a recent return of eighteen dollars, which included an offering for St. Patrick's Burse and for some of our land, besides an order for four hundred of 'those delightful prints.' The zealous secretary also writes a word of praise for our new pin, which she says is *never off her coat*.

The Maryknoll Auxiliary (Catholic Women's Auxiliary for Foreign Missions) held its last regular meeting of the season 1915-16 in New York on Friday, April 14, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Madison Ave. Mrs. Ada M. Livingston, the president, Countess Leary, vice-president,

and Mrs. Henry W. Taft, secretary and treasurer, were all present, and a large proportion of the active members attended the meeting.

The regular business session was followed by a conference from the Very Rev. Superior of Maryknoll, who afterwards gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Arrangements were made at this meeting for the second yearly outing of the Auxiliary at Maryknoll itself, of which happy event we shall write in a later issue.



MISSION CIRCLES.

[IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, READ THESE RULES.]

Each circle shall consist of three or more members, who will meet to pray and work for Catholic missions. Each circle member may enroll contributing members.

The circle shall have no officers except a secretary. The organizer shall always act as secretary. If she should withdraw, her place shall be filled through election by the circle members.

Each meeting shall open and close with prayer. There shall be either an address or twenty minutes of reading on a subject of mission interest. Members shall agree on a regular offering to be handed to the secretary at each meeting, along with any gifts from contributing members. The meeting should not last longer than an hour.

No unnecessary discussion of persons or of personal matters shall be permitted at meetings.

Money collected shall be forwarded by the secretary each month, through a properly authorized channel, for the need designated by a majority of the circle members.

Address: The Circle Director, Maryknoll : : Ossining, New York.

If you have not yet purchased (for us) some of the land we occupy but do not fully own, you may do so at one cent a foot. We shall be more than grateful.

Catholics in and about New York who can admire 'Mary sitting at the feet of the Master,' while they love 'Martha busy about many things,' will be glad to learn that the Poor Clares are now established in that city. An auxiliary of devoted lay women is being formed to hold up the hands of these holy nuns, who have 'chosen the better part' and are trying to make up, as best they can, for the neglect of God so common in our day.

